

## **Never Far From Me by Luddleston**

**Category:** Dragon Age (Video Games), Dragon Age - All Media Types, Dragon Age: Inquisition

**Genre:** M/M, Semi-Public Sex, post-Inquisition

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dorian Pavus, Iron Bull

**Relationships:** Iron Bull/Dorian Pavus

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2016-03-11

**Updated:** 2016-03-11

**Packaged:** 2022-12-19 11:33:23

**Rating:** Explicit

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 2,087

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Dorian is at a party in Tevinter, and someone is definitely trying to assassinate him. They're not even doing a very good job of it.

## Never Far From Me

### Author's Note:

I wrote and posted this entirely on mobile, so if something is hecked up, thats probably why.

This way, if you please, Ser."

It felt like a trap. Send a servant to request his attention for some menial matter, lure him off to a remote corner of the manor, and then? Well, Dorian had enough of an imagination on him to comprehend what would happen next. He firmed his grip on his staff, his other hand going to brush the crystal pendant at his neck. He'd been the subject of enough assassination plots to know one a mile away. No matter. He could take care of himself.

The servant led him to a far balcony, but he could still hear the noise of the party inside. Good. They would hear if fighting broke out. There were enough good mages at the soirée to take down a few assassins who couldn't even lure him into a trap without making it obvious. They hadn't even tried to catch him without his staff. How amateur.

The shadows were too much of a contrast to the light of the festivities for Dorian to make out anything other than a field of black with scattered lights from the gardens below. As his eyes adjusted, he noted that the servant had slipped away, and he seamlessly moved into a fighting stance, staff at the ready. A figure moved in the deepest shadows, too huge to be a human.

Kaffas. It was a Qunari. A fear that was decades old in him and had only been slightly dulled by his relationship with the Bull bubbled up again. This wasn't entirely unusual or unfounded; he'd been under fire from the Qun before. On top of it all, he was close enough to the border that someone actually could have snuck a Qunari in.

Dorian couldn't see his horns from the angle he was seated at, but his shoulders were broad, as wide or maybe even a little wider than the Bull's, he thought. The cover that the darkness provided didn't allow Dorian to see

whether he was facing toward or away from him, but he readied a spell anyway, fire coming to his fingertips and channeling along the core of his staff.

The Qunari stood, and there was no mistaking him for anything other than a Qunari now. He stood tall enough that Dorian would be at his chest, wide enough to rival Bull, and he was still in enough shadow that Dorian could not make out his face.

He stood his ground. He'd fought plenty of Qunari before, and even if he was a good decade too old for this, he wasn't going down without a fight.

The Qunari stepped into the light. Dorian faltered and dropped his staff. The wide horns, the single eye, the jagged, crooked grin--he was facing the Iron Bull.

"What...?" He had meant to say 'what are you doing here?', but it didn't come loose from his throat.

"Kadan," Bull said, and Dorian knew it had to be him, but how? He felt like he was walking in a fever dream, seeing the Bull in the middle of a Tevene estate.

"How did you--?" Apparently, he was reduced to half-bitten-off questions now.

"Knew you were gonna be here," Bull tapped his necklace for emphasis, "thought I'd have the boys sneak me in. The security here is pitiful, you know. Nothing like Minrathous."

Dorian's laugh came out a giddy rush. "It really is," he said, stepping across the courtyard until he was close enough to lay a hand on the Bull's cheek. He had a new scar, high on his cheekbone, and Dorian ran his thumb over it, stopping at the place where it intersected an old one. Bull had a hand in his hair, which was let down into a long trail over his shoulder for the occasion.

"Tevinter's making you go a little gray," Bull said, brushing his fingers through the hair on Dorian's temple, where the black was shot with silver.

"Ugh, don't remind me," he groaned. "I've tried dyeing it, it's just such a time-consuming process."

"It looks good." Bull may have said it just to gentle him. "Reminds me how long we've been together."

"And how little I've actually gotten to spend with you," Dorian said. Bull twined an arm around his waist and took the staff from his hand, gently setting it against the balcony rail.

"You have me now," Bull said.

"Yes, but I must remind you, I am unfortunately no longer a man of my twenties who can easily be excused for slipping off at a party and returning an hour later with no legitimate excuse as to where I've been."

He didn't make any effort to back away from the Bull, though. Rather, he relaxed into his embrace and tipped his head to the side so Bull could grace his skin with long, lingering kisses.

"Complain of a headache. Tell them there were assassins. Say your lover has come back from months away and you had to spend as long as you could in his arms." Bull punctuated his words with a kiss to Dorian's lips.

"As if anyone at the party would believe that," said Dorian. It was, however, the honest truth, and he drew Bull into another kiss, needier this time, Bull's hands clutching at his waist. "Amatus," Dorian whispered in the space between kisses, "beloved."

This led Bull to kiss him in earnest, backing him up against the wall in the area where the shadows were thickest. It had been too long since Dorian had had his body so thoroughly touched; naturally, this was because of the Bull's absence. Or Dorian's absence, rather. He'd missed the Bull's kisses, missed the way he felt overcome in his arms, how that feeling never abated since the first. Bull kisses like he was making love to Dorian with his lips,

and it left anticipation in its wake, a shivering promise of what was to come. Dorian was hard before Bull reached down to put his hand between Dorian's legs.

"Here? Really?" Dorian breathed, taking a moment to lean back in the Bull's arms.

"I've got my guys guarding the entrance to this place," Bull said, "they're under orders not to let anyone in here until after I've already made you come."

"Those orders specifically?"

"Eh, I may not have gone into so much detail when I told them."

"Your discretion has improved over the years," Dorian said. Bull flattened his palm over Dorian's cock. "Well. Perhaps not entirely."

"You love it," Bull said. He certainly did love the way Bull's hand fit almost over the entirety of his cock.

"I love you," Dorian sighed. Bull kissed him then, gentle, as sweet as he always was after such confessions.

"You look beautiful tonight. I hardly ever see you decked out in your fancy 'Vint clothes," Bull remarked, and Dorian preened in his flattery.

"I am always beautiful," Dorian responded.

"So you are."

Bull pressed him to the wall more firmly, pushing his thigh between Dorian's legs. He could feel Bull hard against his hip, and Bull kissed every inch of exposed neck that Dorian's robes left open. It was plenty of space, too. Dorian tipped his head back and moaned, knew he was being a little too thoroughly ravished to be presentable when he returned. He thanked the Maker he'd laid off lining his eyes, because the khol would have smudged when he tipped his head against Bull's shoulder.

"At least let me remove some of this," Dorian said, and he would have gestures at his clothes if he wasn't so invested in re-mapping every contour of Bull's chest and back.

Bull made a sound like a low, rumbling growl, the one he made when he was a little frustrated. "Damn it, Kadan, it's going to take an hour to get this shit off."

"Well, I can't exactly come in them. I don't want to be--" he pulled a face, "sticky, for the rest of the evening."

Bull stepped back so Dorian could get himself out of his clothes, his eye watching carefully as every inch of skin was revealed. "You look better every time I see you," he said.

"You're just hornier every time you see me," Dorian said.

"Eh, fair."

Dorian's robe parted to reveal his chest down to his waist, and Bull undid the catch on his pants, opening them just enough. Dorian was naked underneath. Bull ran his fingertips over Dorian's cock, pressed a light kiss to his lips. "I want to go down on my knees for you," Bull said.

"Your knees can't handle that," Dorian pointed out.

"You're no fun." Bull said it with a pout he hid in Dorian's neck. "I'll be fine."

Dorian rested his hands on Bull's shoulders as he crouched, breathing out slowly and looking at the garden and the open sky behind them. "You're too good to me," Dorian sighed.

"You're easy to be good to." Bull looked up at him, and Dorian smiled. He never tired of the sight of Bull looking up at him with unabashed desire in his eyes. "I love you." He said it just before sucking the head of Dorian's cock between his lips.

"Oh," Dorian sighed, "oh, it's been too long since I've had your mouth on me, Amatus."

Bull must have agreed, because he swallowed Dorian's cock to the base. It was a testament to how long they had been together that Dorian didn't clap his hand over his mouth. He moaned aloud and Bull rewarded him by taking his dick into his throat and moaning around him. Bull knew him too well. This was the fastest way to get Dorian off, and he was already spilling precome down Bull's throat. One of Bull's hands groped at Dorian's ass and he had the other between his legs, cock out--it was vulgar. Dorian had missed the vulgarity. He gripped Bull's horns, distantly remembering a time Bull had flirted with him by telling him he'd conquer him. This wasn't conquering, no, everything Bull did was loving, calculated from years of knowing what pleased his lover. Dorian held his horns because he had missed their peculiar texture, because he knew Bull enjoyed it when he did.

He soon lost track of how long they were at it, how long he'd been absent from the festivities. Time didn't matter any longer, not when Bull was guiding him to roll his hips, to fuck his throat. He moaned and stuttered out curses, hands curling tighter around Bull's horns as his building orgasm curled tighter in his belly.

"Fuck!" he half-shouted, and Bull held him with both hands now, two warm spots clenched on the backs of Dorian's thighs. He felt Bull's throat working around him as he came, swallowing everything he was given.

He came back to the present in Bull's arms; apparently, at some point, he sank to the ground. Bull kissed him on the forehead and the cheek, tipped his chin up to kiss his lips.

"That was... I didn't expect..." He broke off into helpless giggles. "You are the most ridiculous man, Amatus."

Bull smiled and kissed him again. "A perfect match for you, Kadan."

"Do you need...?" Dorian gestures helplessly, the back of his hand on Bull's chest.

"I'm good," Bull said. "Watching you like that, I had to."

"Oh," Dorian said, suddenly displeased. "So I don't get to touch you?"

"You're touching me right now."

"You know what I mean. You insufferable man."

Bull was refastening Dorian's robes and smoothing his hair back into place.

"Here," he said, slipping a piece of paper into the fold of Dorian's robes.

"The address of the inn we're staying at. If you can slip away..."

"I'll be sure to," Dorian said, stealing a last kiss, and then another, and then another. Bull helped him back to his feet. "I should return," Dorian said, frowning. Bull smoothed his mustache for him.

"Yeah, we should stop before we start all over again."

Bull kissed him again anyway, a long, lingering thing that had him wishing he could keep going, wishing they were home, where they had all night and on into the morning. "I'll see you soon, Kadan," Bull said, resting his forehead against Dorian's.

"Yes," Dorian said, "I love you."

The look in Bull's eyes was a mirror of his own. When they parted, lingering and unwilling, Bull sank back into shadow.

Dorian had forgotten his staff. He only realized this when he saw it leaned against the wall in Bull's inn room.